

His hand trembled a trifle as he reached for the messenger call, and his face in the light of the desk looked drawn and distressed. He handed the message to the boy, thus fulfilling all predictions, and, as the door shut softly and the steps went hurrying down the carpeted hallway, he dropped his head over his arms with a boyish desire to sob. One day had torn everything away from him which he most valued, even to the blind trust of the woman who loved him—whom he loved.

(To be continued next week)
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To Our Mewtial Friend.

A Perroration.

BY G. W. HODGKIN.

Why can't you stop mewwing?
You've just had your meal
And yet you keep whining;
I can not but feel
You're a mewtious puss,
An impurritinent cat;
An immewtable one
Is far better than that.
You may think your mewral
Productions amewse,
But how nicer purrpetual
Joy to diffuse!
Mewtillation, not mewsic,
Is what I should call
Your unpleasant mewtation
With no purpuss at all.
Though you're not pedigreed,
You'd be Purrsian to me
By the use of a different
Repurritory.

Spring in the City.

A warmer gold in the evening west
Reddens the roofs till they seem less mean;
The trees are thinking of getting dressed,—
Their grimey boughs wear a veil of green.
The sparrows are trying to sing again,
The softer air seems a diff'rent thing,
There's a dash of sun through the gentle
rain,—
It really has come, the city's spring!
James Warwick Price.

The Trimming of Jedeziah

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an' was goin' t' bite th' end off when it 'curred t' me that, owin' to th' impendin' invasion, I wouldn't have no time to smoke, so I put 'er back in th' box.

But they wan't no windows broke nor no show cases tipped over that mornin' by a wild stampede o' eager buyers.

'Bout nine a dirty little girl come in an' bought a slate pencil an' a pennyworth o' candy, mixed pleathe. At ten a woman came in fer a postage stamp, an' them was th' only souls that showed up that mornin', 'cept a woman that wanted t' use th' phone.

In th' afternoon th' wild throng continued in th' form of a girl who took a plain soda an' a Swede man who took three stogies fer a nick.

Th' su mtotal of th' evenin' sales was a nickel cut o' Climax an' th' equivalent o' five cents in paprica.

But, thinks I, they's days in eny business when y' can't lay up a cent, an' it ain't onlikely them dagos overbought yestiday—havin' all been out to th' Bund th' day before, an' that likely bein' outside th' flaxsed an' paregoric belt.

An' do y' know I never fell to th' fac' that I was playin' th' titular role in that rib-splittin' farce comedy, "Th' Easiness o' Mr. E. Z. Mark," ontill about a week later; trade, in th' meantime, retainin' th' same Black Friday aspect that'd marked my 'naugral day's business?

One day, a ole dried up Italiyun woman—I'd spot her fer—wearin' one

o' them padded hoods, some sidlin' up t' th' counter, an' nervously fingrin th' buttons that adorned th' man's coat she had on—said:
"W'ena you giva way more d'mon, lika d' man here b'fore?"

"What," I yells, beginnin' t' experience onpleasant feelin's up an' down th' spine.

"D' nica man who here b'fore; heem go all roun'—fo'ty, feefty d' fam, data night—nigha b'fore you

first in store. Say heem maka d' beeg advatise. All getta d' nica silv dol; buya d' snuff, d' p'foom, d' cigarros; en'teeng wanta d' nexa morn. Oh heem one ver fina man."

Theodore Thomas.

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FOR \$1.70 & A SMOKER'S NAME

I'll send you a box of 50 "Segarmaker's Favorites" and, free of charge, a box of "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers," and a German Silver Cigar Cutter, both as illustrated.

There are good reasons for my apparent liberality—to have you "get acquainted" with my way of selling cigars fresh from the bench to the individual smoker, at factory prices, to have you try my "Segarmaker's Favorites," and to have the opportunity to sell to another man who is not now my customer.

I buy and sell for cash. I go to Cuba regularly, buy my tobacco direct from the grower, and pay him long before the tobacco reaches the United States Custom House. The man who buys and sells on credit cannot compete with me. The fact that my customers continue to buy from me—that the volume of my business is constantly increasing, that I have almost doubled my output during 1908, and that I am underselling everybody, is pretty good proof of the quality I deliver and the soundness of my judgment in choosing cash methods.

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Actual Size and Shape

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L. M.

My Name is

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